

ARLINGTON ENTERPRISE.

VOL. I. NO. 12.

ARLINGTON, MASS., DECEMBER 17, 1898.

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Furnaces, Ranges, Steam,
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John D. Rosie,

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It pays to alter Ladies' Garments if the ladies know where to go. Have made and altered Ladies' Garments for many years. Recruiting sleeves a specialty. We do all kinds of Ladies' Tailoring.

The Finest Workmanship can be guaranteed.

Pressing and Cleaning at reasonable prices. Repairing in all its branches. Goods called for and delivered. Drop postal and we will call. Particular attention also given to Ladies' work.

This space will tell a story
of an Arlington business
firm in next week's issue.

Perham's Pharmacy

H. A. Perham, Reg. Phar., P. O. Bldg. Arlington.

FIRST ANNIVERSARY.

AN EXCELLENT ENTERTAINMENT, AND
DANCE.

Last Tuesday evening was just the right kind for dancing, and a large party availed themselves of the opportunity by attending the first anniversary of Bay State Loyal Orange Lodge No. 418, in Town Hall.

About eight o'clock the Ideal Orchestra opened the anniversary with a selection which at once put an inspiration into the evening's pleasure that lasted until the last dance finished, and even then the dancers wished the enjoyment would not cease.

The programme was of a varied order, but each and every part was worthy of mention, it containing artists of note, and was given by the George Kendall-Taylor Concert Company. Mr. Gerald Lambert proved himself to be an excellent singer, his second number being heartily encored, and on being recalled gave "The Holy City" with pleasing effect. Miss Beulah Nay's recitations met with well-merited approval by the audience. The numbers given by Miss Helen Arenstrop were rendered in a clear soprano voice, and received an encore. It is a well-known fact that Miss Ella M. Chamberlin stands high in her profession, and her selections on this occasion were of the best, and elicited hearty applause. Miss Marion G. Carver's recitations were very pleasing and well given. The character sketch by Miss Lillian Prince was fine. Miss Gertrude Stockwell sang her selections exceedingly well, and the banjo selections by Willie B. Morris added much to the enjoyment.

Following is the full programme:

Songs	Life's Merry Morn	Bailey
Recitation	Betty Hawk's first visit to the city	Gerald Lambert
Songs	It was a lover	Parker
	Miss Helen Arenstrop	Claribel
Whistling Solo	Coherent waltz	Venzano
Recitation	Miss Ella M. Chamberlin	
Concert Galop	Marion Gertrude Carver	
Character Sketch	Lillian Prince	
Songs	Just as the sun went down	Millard
	Miss Gertrude L. Stockwell	
Banjo Selections	Willie Burnett Norris	
Recitation	What is a hedgehog?	Beulah Nay
Song	When I'm big	Molloy
Whistling Solo	Gerald Lambert	
Recitation	The mocking bird	Miss Chamberlin
Finale	Bobbie Shaffoe	Marion Carver
	Orchestra	

The grand march was formed about 9.30 o'clock, there being nearly seventy couples participating. There were no decorations except the national colors, which were draped in front of the platform.

Mr. James Crammand, the floor director, was unavoidably detained from attending, so Mr. A. Ross, the present master of the lodge here, filled the vacancy with the greatest satisfaction to all. His assistant floor director was David Nelson, and the aids were: William Irwin, Fred Dunsford, William J. Clark, George Campbell, Thomas McGee, Nathan Campbell, Peter McLeod. The committee of arrangements were D. A. Nelson, Geo. J. Cragain, James Crammand, Robert Murry, M. A. Ross. The reception committee were composed of the following members: A. McMannis, H. Johnston, T. Doherty, G. J. Cragain, Hanford Sanderson.

A large amount of credit is due to the various committees in bringing about so successful an affair, for this, the first anniversary, should lead to others of a like nature.

We are informed that the proceeds, after the expenses are paid, will net the lodge a handsome sum.

We insert the following list of names of those present:

Mr. M. A. Ross	Mrs. James Crammand
" and Mrs. A. McManus	" Granner
" Arthur Hardy	" David Evans
" A. Ross	" James Whitten
" E. S. Chapman	" Edward Smith
" Edward Smith	" Richard Taylor
" George J. Cragain	" Venson
" Gerald Graham	" Robert Watson
" Andrew Ritchie	" Miss Lillian McManus
" John Hazlet	" Lillie Wilson
" Joseph Law	" Mazie Ross
" Duncan McKay	" Annie Rose
" David Evans	" Addie Parker
" John Evans	" Mary McKinnon
" John Henderson	" Josephine Evans
" and Mrs. John Irwin	" Ida Low
" Robert Tingley	" Mattison
" Hugh Johnson	" Annie Beatie
" William Irwin	" Agnes Campbell
" David Beattie	" Sarah Ferguson
" David Crammand	" Susie Ludwig
" Archie McLeod	" Katie McManus
" Samuel Dixon	" Maggie McLeod
" Fred Dunsford	" Mary McGrath
" Thomas McGee	" Lizzie McIntosh
" John Campbell	" Hattie Wilson
" Kenneth Madison	" Carrie Cartwright
" Walter Belger	" Maggie Doherty
" Hobart Hurd	" Sadie McLeod
" John D. Rosie	" Stella Morrison
" Donald Lacey	" Ella Celek
" Fred Smith and wife	" Mary McKinnon
" Alex Wilson and wife	" Katie Stuart
" Angus W. Campbell	" Fannie Cartwright
" Warren McGee	" Lizzie Seagan
" Win. Piper and wife	" Annie Rodden
" Angus McDonald	" Maudie Henderson
" T. Doherty and wife	" Emily Dinamore
" David Lynch	" Susie Ledrick
" Geo. Dickson	" Margaret Irwin
" John Hazlet	" Harriet Irwin
" Hanford Sanders	" Georgina Gosbee
" Samuel Dixon	" Rosie Bower
" Herbert Hurd	" Dorothy Miller
" R. Taylor and wife	" Annie Graham
" T. Dixon and wife	
" W. Gilphart	
" Robert Mahan	
" Frank Moore	

WE ENTER.

\$15,000 FOR THE METROPOLITAN SYSTEM.

The special town meeting was held on Thursday evening in Town Hall as scheduled. The meeting was called to consider and vote upon the \$15,000 asked for to enter the Metropolitan water system.

The meeting was called to order about 7.30, and Mr. Warren Rawson was made moderator.

Article 3 of the warrant was taken up for consideration. There was a lengthy discussion as to the matter of disposing of the town's property used for water supply, and likely to be of no future use. It was finally referred to the Board of Selectmen and Messrs. James A. Jones, W. H. Tuttle and F. M. Good willie to act as a committee, and were instructed to investigate the whole affair and to make a full report at the annual town meeting in March.

Article 2 was then taken up and the sum of \$1,500 asked for use on the highways was appropriated. Selectman Farmer stated that the last snowstorm had cost the town the snug sum of about \$900, and this was for labor alone. This, it appeared to us, was a Godsend to many a poor man who wanted work, and an item the taxpayers ought not begrudge. Mr. Farmer said the sum asked for was needed to carry on the balance of the year's work.

There was quite a discussion over the question whether or no the vote taken at the previous meeting was conclusive and committed the town to the policy of entrance of the town into the system.

The records of the previous meeting were read, to try and settle the various

A Few of the Reasons Why You should Trade with Perham:

- 1ST. BEST STORE IN TOWN.
- 2ND. MOST CONVENIENT IN TOWN.
- 3RD. PERFECT STOCK IN EVERY PARTICULAR.
- 4TH. A LADY OR CHILD IS SURE OF GETTING COURTEOUS TREATMENT EVERY TIME, AND LAST, BUT NOT LEAST, NONE BUT REGISTERED DRUGGISTS EMPLOYED, MAKING IT SURE OF YOUR PRESCRIPTION BEING COMPOUNDED ACCURATELY.

UNIVERSALISTS MEET.

On Wednesday of this week the Boston Association of Universalists met in the First Universalist Church, as announced last week. The association's objects are certainly excellent ones, being the promotion of the social and religious welfare of each and all churches within its membership, and the practical application of the principles of Christianity to the heart and life.

Rev. Dr. Potterton, the president, was absent, so the vice-president, Rev. A. E. Bartlett of Hyde Park presided over the exercises.

Rev. Clarence Eaton opened the exercises of the afternoon in a pleasant and happy way. Rev. George L. Perrin, D. D., was the first pastor to make an address, his subject being "The Working Church." He was followed by Rev. Charles E. Tenney with the subject "The Devotional Church;" and the Rev. F. B. Hornbrooke had for his subject "The Living Church."

The able manner in which these subjects were handled and the meaning conveyed in these three phases of the church universal, must have made a decided impression on those present.

About 6.30 supper was served, and a congenial and happy company sat down to handsomely spread and bountifully supplied tables.

After supper the time was spent in a social manner, and various subjects were broached for the welfare of the future of the church.

At 7.30 there was a praise service, and was led by Mr. Harry Hersey, after which an address was made by Rev. W. F. Druscault, chaplain of the 6th Mass. His subject was "A Chaplain's Experience at the Front," and proved a very instructive as well as interesting subject.

OBITUARY.

Mr. William L. Clark, one of Arlington's oldest and most respected citizens, died suddenly at the home of his son, William A. Clark, at 402 Mass. avenue, Thursday afternoon, at 2 o'clock from a paralytic shock. He was coming down stairs when he fell and received the shock, being paralyzed over the entire body. Mr. Clark, son of William Clark, who commenced business in 1821, and died at the age of 49 years, learned the trade of his father, following the same until the death of the latter, when he secured control of the business. He was born June, 1803, and was 85 years old at the time of his death, and died an extensive harness, carriage and trimming business for years. About 15 years ago his son, William A. Clark, succeeded him in business, and has continued the same. Mr. Clark has been in feeble health for a number of years.

He was one of the charter members who reconstituted Bethel Lodge April 28, 1866. Mr. Clark for a long term of years was the trusted treasurer of this lodge, and held high in their esteem as an official and brother. It was the earnest desire of the committee to have Mr. Clark ride in a carriage and represent Bethel Lodge in the encampment in September, but the doctor said he was too feeble, and greatly to his disappointment was unable to do so. He has always been interested in everything which was for the best interest of the town, and has watched its rapid growth with pleasure. One son, Mr. William A. Clark, and daughter, Mrs. Josephine V. Whittaker, Newport, R. I., survive him. The funeral will be held at the late home of the deceased tomorrow afternoon at 3 o'clock, and he will be buried by the Odd Fellows, who will perform their services at the house instead of at the cemetery. The interment will be at Mt. Pleasant Cemetery.

ARLINGTON BOAT CLUB.

The league team went to Lexington Wednesday evening, and were met with a defeat of three straight games by the Old Belfry team. The team did not bowl with their usual skill, and did not make the high scores. However, the team will get even at the next game. The score:

OLD BELFRY.				
	1	2	3	TtIs
F. Reed	166	137	220	523
W. Reed	169	157	156	482
Peabody	131	130	173	434
Saben	163	155	177	495
Tower	180	164	168	512
Total,	809	743	893	2445
A. B. C.				
Anshelm	150	139	196	485
Stevens	149	180	150	479
Wyman	178	130	162	470
Emmons	129	147	131	407
Rugg,	140	137	160	437
Totals,	746	733	799	2278

On Monday evening Teams 6 and 8 bowled as follows:

Team 6—Stevens 514, Gorham 407, Hill 430, Somerby 457, Verrinton, 360; team totals 708, 707, 753, 2168.

Team 8—W. S. Durgin 461, H. I. Durgin 419, Colman 447, Elliot, 329, Hartwell 419; team totals 712, 654, 709, 2075.

Mr. O. W. Whittemore won the eight men tournament, and Mr. Dodge made the highest average.

The league team standing is: won 4, lost 8, average 815.

On Thursday evening teams 2 and 4 bowled, and team 4 won.

Team 4.				
	1	2	3	TtIs
Anshelm	124	179	182	485
Gray	121	125	156	402
Fowle	134	185	154	473
G. Homer	148	143	146	437
Puffer	124	149	155	428
Total	651	781	793	2225

Team 2.				
	1	2	3	TtIs
Marston	172	125	171	468
Wyman	128	166	165	509
Kimball	126	148	151	425
Cutler	219	138	158	515
A. A. Hill	153	136	114	403
Total,	850	713	759	2322

Friday evening teams 9 and 7 tried their luck, and team 9 had good luck on its side.

Team 9.				
	1	2	3	TtIs
Rankin	181	234	154	569
Wheeler	138	134	137	409
Allen	147	165	142	454
Russell	155	128	107	390
Hunton	116	116	117	349
Totals,	737	777	667	2171

Team 7.				
	1	2	3	TtIs
Whittemore	182	166	180	528
E. L. Rankin	150	166	178	494
Bird	147	141	182	460
Barnum	125	125	125	375
Rawson	92	60	93	245
Totals	696	658	758	2112

Continued on page 4.

Headquarters for you to buy Christmas Presents



We have just returned from New York with the finest line of

Imported China

we have ever had, with prices lower than ever before.

Remember we are agents for Eastman's Kodacs—a nice present for young or old. A full line of Sachets and perfumes always in stock.

A. A. TILDEN, Arlington Central Pharmacy,

618 Mass. Avenue

Established 1883.

WOMAN'S CLUB NOTES.

January 12, 1899, has been decided upon for gentlemen's night at the club. Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith will read from his own works.

The choral class sang two selections at the meeting on Thursday: "I Would that My Love" (Mendelssohn) and a "Serenade" (Raff).

The speaker for the afternoon was Prof. William G. Ward. Subject, "The Training of the Future Citizen." Prof. Ward would have the American citizen trained first of all in good homes and colleges, but since all cannot have these advantages, the work must be done by the teachers. The development of the moral, aesthetic and social sides must keep pace with the intellectual—then and not till then, will these future citizens be started aright.

LADIES' NIGHT.

The monthly ladies night of the Arlington Whist and Cycle Club was held on Wednesday evening last, at their club rooms in the P. O. Building, and it was demonstrated that these gatherings are becoming more and more popular. This club, starting as it did with a few members, has taken a growth so rapid that no one can tell what will be the ultimate result. Applications for membership are coming in thick and fast, and another room has been taken to make room for the increase in the membership, and from present indications it looks as though the upper half of the building would be needed. The committee of arrangements, Messrs. Warren Greenleaf, Warner Doane, and Thomas G. Kaulbeck, are to be congratulated on the success of the evening's enjoyment. There were eight tables of whist.

The gentlemen's prize was won by Mr. E. S. Chapman, and the ladies prize by Mrs. Frank P. Winn. The club is to add a piano to the rooms, and if arrangements can be made as to the doing away with one of the partitions, they will add a billiard table.

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more satisfactory results follow.

Saturday, December 17, 1898.

THE CHEERFUL GIVER

The approaching Christmas season gives us the head line of this editorial. It is the cheerful giver whom the Lord loveth, which substantially affirms the truth that the gift will count little or nothing, unless it carries with it the giver. The two mites cast into the treasury by the poor widow, possessed almost infinite value, because with her offering, she gave herself. It is not so much what we give, as *how* we give. Let the remembrance be however small, it can but prove itself the greatest possible aid and encouragement if it be underscored with that heart and soul which takes in the poorest and most unfortunate of all God's creation. Our Christmas giving must involve our personal selves, if it is to do as the term signifies, the Christ-work.

The gift to effect the most and the best, must be an expression of that inner individual life, which loses, and then immortalizes itself in the life of another. By a sort of contradictory logic we gain the most, when we give the most. By a natural law, when one gives out of his fullness, he enlarges his capacity to receive. This, immutable truth, though it may not square with the mathematics taught in our schools, still it is in perfect keeping with all scriptural teaching. "To keep what you've got, and catch what you can" will bankrupt the best of us. The Christmas time comes in as the wisest and truest teacher in all political economy.

The lesson that this day of all the days of the year affords us, is that we reverse our usual way of doing things. In our haste to accumulate, we have unfortunately gotten "the cart before the horse," so that we have been compelled in most instances to make our way backwards. We need to erase our former reckoning, and begin all over again.

We need "to right about face," and there is no more favorable opportunity to effect all this than now. To give the other fellow a chance, is to improve our own. The surest way to get the best end of a bargain, is to allow the odd penny to go to the man with whom you are dealing. Christmas giving where it involves the giver, is the best possible investment, for it not only promises and receives the largest percentage of interest, but it all the while increases the capital stock.

For this holiday season so nearly upon us, in which one can review and re-read his day book and ledger, their should be rendered devout thanks. Let us get right by first seeking our neighbor's good, then may we be sure that our own good will follow in a two-fold ratio. It is an inexorable law of nature that we cannot reap a bountiful harvest, until we have first sown with a generous hand. So let our Christmas giving be accompanied with hearts full of charity for all. And do not forget that we must *forgive* as well as give. So that if there are those in Arlington who have been nursing real or imaginary wrongs done them, they should no longer swear that they "will get even" with the wrong doer. This paying off "old scores" in "hitting back," is only to receive the blow we intended to give.

There is no other way under heaven for us to do, than to rub out and begin all over again; and now is the time.

The Enterprise heartily joins in this Christmas hour of joyous acclaim. Not westward, but *Eastward* we take our way; for there is the star.

"DO NOT."

"Veritas" says in the last issue of the Enterprise that, "shade-trees ought not to be so near the house, that their shadows will reach the house during any portion of the day." And then he wisely adds that "You need all the sunshine and air currents that nature can supply." Veritas is a thousand times right in his declaration. The late Dr. Dio Lewis, who was authority on all that belongs to the public health, wrote years ago, that no tree should be so near the house, as to cast its shade upon it. This whole subject of shade trees ought to be one of great interest to Arlington, for we have many a home in this town, darkened from morning till night by the shade tree. While this is hardly the time of year to discuss the shadows which during the summer time keep one under the cloud, still it is well that our people should become so early interested in the inspiring light, and genial warmth of the advancing months, that they will be more than willing with axe in hand, to fell many a tree in close proximity to the house, when the spring-time shall appear. There are homes on Academy street, and on Pleasant street which seldom or never see the full light of day, and this is unquestionably true of other localities in the town. Why will the public be-

come so negligent in all that so vitally concerns both the health of the individual and the community at large? Don't wait until pneumonia, typhoid and diphtheria invade the town before we move in this matter. We need and must have the air and the sunlight, and God has given us an abundance of both. Dr. Dio Lewis says that when cholera, somewhere in the early fifties, became epidemic in the city of Buffalo, the number of deaths was forty per cent. greater where the houses were shaded by trees.

ARLINGTON HONORED.

Arlington is honored in the recent appointment made of the Hon. Joshua Eric Dodge to the Supreme Court of the State of Wisconsin.

Governor Schofield is to be congratulated upon his wise selection.

Judge Dodge, who is the son of our worthy townsman and neighbor, Mr. Joshua G. Dodge, was born in this town, October 25, 1854, and passed his first days in student life in what was formerly known as the school on High street. He comes from parentage on both sides, descended from good English stock. After a course of study in the common schools of Massachusetts, New York, and Iowa, and at the academy at Westford, this state, he took a full course in the scientific department of Iowa College, graduating with the degree of S. B. in 1875. Immediately following his graduation, the Judge began the study of law in the law school of the Boston University, being actively interested meanwhile in the office of the late Benjamin Deane, and also in that of the late Josiah G. Abbott. He took his degree of L. L. B. from the law university in June, 1877.

In March, 1878, Judge Dodge went to Racine, Wis., and became immediately associated in his profession with John T. Fish, and continued with him, and with the present Circuit Judge, the Hon. Frank M. Fish, until appointed by President Cleveland, assistant attorney-general of the United States.

It gives us great pleasure to thus write of one of our Arlington boys, and especially so, as Judge Dodge was a pupil in the High Street Grammar School when we were its principal. Joshua Eric Dodge has made an eminent success in his professional career, thus early in life, chiefly through that first class ability which he has inherited from his father and mother, and through that unflagging industry which doesn't fear hard work in whatever form it may come. And in addition to all this, his home training was of that intelligent character, which did not fail to carefully take into account the supreme worth and opportunities of childhood. Judge Dodge's well-earned success should prove an encouragement to every boy and young man in Arlington. If you want "to get there," go to work with a vim. It is in no other way, that success can be reached. We send our heartiest congratulations to the Honorable Judge, who was in the years ago a pupil in the High Street Grammar School.

WHY GO TO BOSTON?

Why go to Boston for all our amusements, when we have right here, in our own village, some talent abundantly competent to instruct and amuse. Those who witnessed last week, in the Town Hall, the enjoyable and successful rendering of the Historical Pageant, are in evidence to the fact herein stated.

Wherever we go, we hear the entertainment most enthusiastically commended and most favorably criticised. Why will not our amateur actors effect an organization among themselves, and so give us more or less frequently, during the coming winter, entertainments similar to that of last week? Two excellent results would come therefrom. First, the discipline and instruction that would necessarily be involved in the preparatory work of the entertainment, and then the money paid for witnessing the same would be left in our home town. Who will be the first to move in the formation of such a side-splitting and fun-enjoying society?

SENATOR HOAR.

Senator Hoar has just put himself on record in the use of the following language: "If we take the Philippines under the treaty of peace, the downfall of the American Republic will date from the administration of William McKinley." We surely hope that the prediction of our senior senator will not prove true. Yet we can but believe that this expansion disposition cropping out so generally among our people, is attended with grave danger.

It has not thus far been satisfactorily explained how it has happened that President McKinley has been converted since the beginning of the late war, to this recent idea of expansion. At the outset he was entirely opposed to the acquisition of any more territory, as the result of the contest, now so happily ended. Is it true that President McKinley is planning to become his own successor? Has he his ear to the ground, that he may hear, if possible, the steps of the majority?

DON'T FORGET.

Don't forget in these days of Christmas giving, that our town merchants have expended much time, labor and money in selecting and purchasing

Christmas goods for their many patrons. Don't spend all your money, in Boston, when the largest share of it should be left with our enterprising merchants. Remember that charity, which term means love, begins at home. Buy at home, and get your neighbors to do so.

"SEND US MORE COPIES."

"Send us more copies of the Enterprise," is the encouraging order coming from our carriers and agents. We were quite aware when we started out with the publication of this journal that the public would know a good thing, provided they could see it and read it for themselves. So we are not surprised that our orders and sales are constantly increasing.

Send in at once your dollar, and so have the reading of the best paper published in all this region round about.

"COMING RIGHT ALONG."

Don't you see that the Arlington Enterprise is coming right along? "Clear the track" or otherwise we shall run over anything in the way, and it will be you, who will have to pay whatever damage comes from any attempt to block things. We shall more than keep up with the procession, even if we have to put our fiery steed on the run. So clear the track, for we are coming right along.

QUERY.

Is there such a paper published in this town as the Arlington Advocate? We have been unable thus far to hear of or from it. Do not longer "hide your light under a bushel," Brother Parker, but speak right out in meeting.

If you have anything to say of public interest, the Enterprise will gladly give you space. No matter who you are, you shall have your say in these columns, so dip your pen and send us your manuscript.

In our journalistic work we shall hit right and left. In this statement there is no threat, but simply a declaration that we shall not fail to take in the entire field.

Remember that each succeeding number of the Enterprise is to be more interesting and instructive than the preceding number; so be sure that you miss no number.

Send in your subscription for the Enterprise, and so begin the New Year with a live local paper in your home. Remember that we are here as a fixture, so send along your dollar.

The Enterprise is wishing "A Merry Christmas" to everybody.

Subscribe for the Enterprise, and do so now!

ODDS AND ENDS.

Hello, Hispania; after peace, what? "They who will not be ruled by the rudder will in the end be ruled by the rock."—Tennyson.

The Spanish nation is just now realizing that "the pen is mightier than the sword."

Not if the women can help it will representative-elect Brigham H. Roberts bring his three wives to Washington.

Father: "Money talks." Son: "Yes, but you say that a silver dollar only means one half of what it says."

Wife: John, dear, you are growing handsomer every day." Husband: It's a way I have, dear, just before Christmas.

One of our interested citizens gave the Enterprise at the outset a lease of life for three weeks. It has survived 12 issues and is still a very lively corpse.

"Wait until we come back. You'll whistle another tune." Gen. Fitzgugh Lee, Havana, April 9. That other tune is now in order.

Stranger: "What's the quickest way to get to the Emergency Hospital?" Policeman: "Try to board an electric car at 5 o'clock in the subway."

Doctor to a dying editor: "Your circulation is very low." Don't let the Herald folks know it. I have always sworn to the largest circulation in the county," the editor whispered with his last breath.

"Neither the glitter of its power, nor the tinsel of its commercial prosperity, nor the gaudy show of its people's wealth, can conceal the creaking rust of national dishonesty, and cover the meanness of national back-faith."—Grover Cleveland.

A southern congressman seeing a drove of mules passing through a street in Washington, called the attention of Daniel Webster to the drove and said "Here, Dan, is a lot of your constituents." "Yes," replied Webster, "they are on their way south to teach school."

General Garcia's tragic end is full of pathos and is so characteristic of his turbulent life. These are his dying words: "We will win! Save the flags, save the flags!" Like the martyred Lincoln he lived to see the dream of his life realized, but not to taste of its fruits. The memories of both liber-

ators are embalmed in the hearts of the peoples they loved so well.

"Col. Roosevelt is reported to be studying up the subject of *pure beer*. If he shall reach a successful solution of this important matter, he will have conferred a greater benefit upon mankind than any which will ensue from the classic charge of the Rough Riders. The eyes of the whole world are on this restless and irresistible young man.

All the ludicrous and absurd ideas concerning electricity that ever entered the mind of man in medieval or modern times if rolled into one would not even approximate in absurdity the astounding statement found in the Christian Register of December 1 (page 1361) as follows: "This" (a tunnel leading from the Niagara Falls) "takes the water, and converts it into electricity by means of mechanical and other devices."

Antwerp is preparing to celebrate the three hundredth anniversary of the birthday of Sir Anthony Van Dyck, who was born March 22, 1599. Collections of this great artist's paintings adorn nearly every picture gallery in Europe. They are usually compared with those of Rubens whose pupil and assistant he was. By many his figures are thought to have a dignity and a certain grace of outline and pose which Rubens hardly reaches. In the National Gallery of London is a portrait of Rubens by Van Dyck which was purchased of the Duke of Marlborough for 17,000 pounds sterling.

The somersault of that formerly ultra-democratic sheet, the New York Sun, convulsed the nation. But the Boston Herald-out-Herods Herod. Its chameleon-transformations outstrip the quickest transformations accomplished by the most improved dissolving-view stereopticon. It is ably edited; it is a grand newspaper; but when you lay down the evening paper, you know not which side up the morning edition must be read. I have often wondered that Mayor Quincy has not been rendered insane by its antics. It has played fast and loose, hot and cold, with him as its temperament suits it. Its jingoism and anti-jingoism, imperialism and anti-imperialism constitute a bewildering maze. I am looking to see it become Senator Lodge's staunchest supporter,—provided the wind does not change.

I have just been reading a school journal in which occur the words thru, thru-out, altho, thoro, thoroly, thoroness and pedagog. This is a feeble attempt at "spelling reform," nevertheless it serves as an entering wedge. This reform, like every other reform, must needs fight a fierce battle against sentiment and the powers of association and habit whose roots reach deep into literary consciousness. It needs leaders whose example will carry weight with it. It is to be brot about by occasional innovations of influential writers which will be accepted by the public without any great jarring of the nerves, and not by a sudden, abrupt, or heroic treatment.

The initiative will hardly proceed from those advanced in life, from those who have bot their knowledge of orthography with a price, and that a high one. We must look to the younger generation to take up the reform and carry it on. Great advance in this line has been made during recent years in enlisting the sympathy of literary men and in the education of public opinion. Great changes in orthography have been made as our dictionaries attest by the numerous words marked "obsolete" and referring to modern spelling. If some Rip Van Winkle of a century ago were to wake up and peruse a newspaper of to-day he would scarcely recognize his mother tongue, and we can imagine his horror on witnessing the sacrilegious mutilation which the orthography alone has undergone.

If the youth of to-day would acquaint himself with the changes in the orthography which his mother tongue has undergone since the "days of his fathers," let him visit the Granary Burying Ground in Boston, and scan the inscriptions on the tomb-stones. Some idea of the changes in spelling and in the use of capitals that have taken place since Shakespeare's time may be learned from the following inscription on the gravestone over his remains, "Good friend, for Jesus' Sake forbear To dig the dust enCloased Here; Blest be the man y't spakes these StOnes, and cursT be he y't moves my bones."

I am reminded in this connection of the torture inflicted upon me recently by my typographer who makes me use the abominable and obsolete word "height" for the reformed word high. I referred to the attempts of this Educational Journal at reform as feeble; yet it is feeble, timid and partial, (but perhaps prudent), for in the same journal occur the words thoughtful, boroughs, ought, brought, and enough. Now if that combination of letters *ough* which is a terror to all foreigners and to the youthful mind as well, is to be syno-pated or transmuted in some words, why in consistency's name not in all? I hope at some future time to say something respecting another much needed reform, viz: a simplified system of standard units of measurement.

Some facts concerning the sun: The computed mean distance of the sun from the earth is 92,250,000 miles with a possible error of 450,000 miles. Such a distance is quite beyond our power of

conception. Imagine a celestial railway extending to the sun; a journey to the sun would occupy 175 years travelling 60 miles an hour day and night without a stop. Dr. Mendenhall, President of the Polytechnic Institute of Worcester, gives the following interesting illustration: "If we could imagine an infant with an arm long enough to enable him to touch the sun and burn himself, he would die of old age before the pain could reach him, since, according to the experiments of Hemholtz, a nervous shock is communicated only at the rate of about 100 ft. per second, or 1,637 miles a day. At this rate the sensation would require 150 years to make the journey.

The mean diameter of the earth is 3,962 miles. The diameter of the sun is 108 times greater than that of the earth. Imagine the sun to be hollowed out and the earth placed in the center of the shell thus formed, it would be like a sky to us and the moon would have scope for all her motions far within the enclosing vault.

The mass of the sun, or quantity of matter contained in it, is 325,600 times the mass of the earth, or 2 octillions of tons (2 with 27 ciphers annexed). But its mean density is only about one-fourth that of the earth. The low density is accounted for on the supposition that the sun is mainly a ball of gas, or vapor, powerfully condensed, of course, in the central portion by the superincumbent weight.

The force of gravity at the sun's surface is 27½ times as great on the earth. A man whose weight on the earth is 150 lbs. would there weigh nearly two tons, and even if the footing were good and he were possessed with the strength of a Sampson would be unable to stir. A body which at the earth falls a little more than 16 ft. in a second would fall there 413 feet. A pendulum which here swings once a second would there vibrate more than five times as rapidly.

Both Prof. Langley and Lord Kelvin, estimate that the temperature at the sun is 14,400° F. The highest temperature of the voltaic arc, that is the temperature in the little space between the ends of the carbon pencils in an arc lamp, is about 7000° F. It must not be inferred from this that the sun is "twice as hot" as the voltaic arc. The expression "twice as hot" is meaningless. It is quite a on par with, *twice as sweet, twice as pretty*, etc. All that we can say with propriety is, that the temperature of the sun is about 7400 Fahrenheit degrees above that of the voltaic arc.

VERITAS.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Arlington, December 5, '98. Veritas, Arlington Enterprise.

Dear Sir—In the Enterprise of December 3 I read with interest your remarks on the quality of air. The concluding sentence about the intense blue of the air called to my mind another article which I recently saw in the N. Y. Staatszeitung (German publication) regarding the chemical action of blue light on living organisms and I could not help thinking whether the desirability of tubercular patients to live in a rare atmosphere, is not only due to the quality of rarity, but also to the effect of these chemical rays. As I have not seen the article referred to in any English paper, and as you must be interested in these phenomena, judging from your own article, I give you a short translation (issue of November 13, '98, N. Y. Staatszeitung.)

Light as a remedy, by Dr. Curt Kresner (Graz):

"The violet and ultra-violet rays of our white light possess an intense chemical action. It has been proved in our laboratories that these rays are a deadly enemy of these living organisms, the bacteria, which causes almost all deadly diseases of man. The bacilli of cholera, pest, typhus tuberculosis are retarded in their growth, and finally killed if subjected long enough to these rays. Dr. Gebhard at the last meeting of physicians offered his person as a test medium by proposing to have himself inoculated with the most deadly bacteria, and he would prove his ability to kill the poison in one of his light boxes (glass cases.)

"The wonderful medical agent of light would seem almost miraculous, if we did not know that rays of light will penetrate into and through bodies, as for instance, the X-rays have demonstrated. The red blood corpuscles if subjected to these chemical rays, contract and press poisonous substances into the serum, and in the latter by the oxidizing qualities of the light are changed to simpler and above all harmless matter, which now can be eliminated from the body in the natural way.

"The effect of these rays applied to persons suffering from faulty assimilation, gout, rheumatism, asthma, lupus, carbuncles and local affection of the nerves are wonderful, by not only removing the effects of the disease, but by removing the cause, which latter, in spite of all research, is still a mystery to our physicians."

NE INTERESTED.

To Cure a Cough in One Day
To Cure a Cold in One Day
To Cure Sore Throat in One Day
To Cure Hoarseness in One Day

Take Cleveland's Lung Healer, 25c. If it fails to cure, your money will be refunded by H. A. Perham, P. O. Bld'g.

MARRIED.

Lynd-McClellan—In Arlington Dec. 15, by Rev. James Veames, rector of St. John's, Robert J. Lynd and Elizabeth M. McClellan, both of Somerville.

McLenathan-Haington—In Boston, Nov. 26, by Henry E. Stimson, Esq., Henry M. McLenathan, of Arlington, and Mrs. Mary E. Haington, of Greenfield Mass.

DIED.

Kavanaugh—In Lexington, Dec. 24. Miss Jane Kavanaugh, aged 83 years.

Clark—In Arlington, Dec. 15, William L. Clark, aged 85 years, 6 months, 8 days.

TO LET.

Model homes in Arlington's model apartment house; with all the modern conveniences. For particulars enquire at suit No. 2 in "The Enterprise," or of the owner, George D. Moore, 101 Resedway.

Wanted By a young man, graduate of the high school, and of temperate habits and trustworthy, would like position. Understands stable work and horses. Best of reference can be shown. Address "B," ENTERPRISE OFFICE.

EGBERT E. STACPOLE,

TEACHER OF BANJO, MANDOLIN AND GUITAR. Correct Instruments carefully selected for pupils without extra charge.

40 Mystic Street, - Arlington, Mass.

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Undertakers and Embalmers,

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Also Manufacturers of the popular AIR CUSHION RUBBER STAMPS. C. C. Hoffman & Co.,

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PRESSING, DYEING, AND CLEANING AT SHORT NOTICE.

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Choice cut flowers and potted plants. Funeral designs a specialty. Flower pots and Potting Loam delivered at low prices.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

Telephone number at store 141-2 at Greenhouses, 20-4.

D. C. CURRIER.

WATCHMAKER.

Would respectfully inform his old patrons and friends, and the public, that he has resumed his old trade, Watch, Clock and Jewelry Repairing. Having had many years experience in the business, and for 17 years with Waltham, Elgin and Springfield Watch Factories, I am competent to do good work at low prices and guarantee perfect satisfaction. Work called for and delivered if desired. French and hall clocks a specialty. Work done at my residence,

10 HILLSIDE AVE.,

Arlington Heights, - Mass.

See Watch Sign.

Christmas Goods.

Christmas Goods! Now is the time to select your Christmas Goods.

Fine Display of fancy Rockers, Desks, Combs, Book Cases, Couches and Morris chairs.

Remember we do Furniture and piano moving.

Caldwell's, 9 and 11 Mystic St

WM. ADDISON GREENE, M. D.

688 Mass. Ave., Arlington.

GRADUATE OF DARTMOUTH '98 HARVARD POST GRADUATE '97. OFFICE HOURS: 8-10 A. M.; 2-4, 6-8 P. M.

ARLINGTON LOCALS.

One week from tomorrow is Christmas. Have you bought your presents?

Coal, wood! Coal, wood! Order now. Prices advancing. Room 20 Post-office building, Arlington.

The Arlington Enterprise will be sent free to new subscribers from now to January 1, 1897.

Our ears have heard many flattering comments regarding the pageant in Town Hall last week and it is deserving.

Eight degrees below zero was a good starter for the winter prophesied to be a mild one.

Past Senior Vice Com. John A. Gilman, will install the officers of Post-36, on the evening of January 12.

The work of painting and renovating St. John's Church is making good progress, and the church will be ready or re-opening on Christmas day.

Only three weeks more to win that \$5.00. There is considerable hustling now, but others have an equal chance. Come, children, try your luck and get the prize.

The ladies of St. John's Church will hold a sale of aprons, as well as of cake, candy and table dainties, in the parish house, Maple street, on Saturday afternoon from three till six o'clock.

Spy Pond once more is a lively place, the skating is excellent, and it is crowded daily with lovers of this sport. This pond is a favorite with skaters, on account of its large surface.

A young man of unquestionable character and a willing worker desires a position, to look after horse, etc. His advertisement appears on second page. He has high recommendations, and is an A. 1 man.

The Congregational Y. P. S. C. E. will meet in the church vestry, on Sunday evening, December 18, at 6.30, p. m. How to enjoy our religion, will be the topic, reference Neh. 8: 8-12; 1 Pet. 4: 3, 12, 13.

Noble Grand George W. Jewett requests that there be a full attendance of brother Odd Fellows at the hall at 2 p. m. tomorrow, to attend the funeral of the late W. L. Clark who was a charter member.

On account of the closing of St. John's Church, service will be held in Pleasant Hall, Maple street, on Sunday morning at half-past ten. The rector, the Rev. James Yeames, will preach.

The Christian science meeting at Pleasant Hall, on last Sunday evening, was well attended. The service was carried on with great simplicity, and it comprised reading from a manual and from the Bible, with singing and prayer.

The polo team of Arlington High School was to have played a game with the Stoneham team Monday on the upper reservoir pond, but the snow prevented. The team has been in active practice for over a week, and are in excellent shape to meet all comers for the cup.

The Baptist Endeavor Society will hold their meeting in the vestry next Sunday evening at 6.30. "How to Enjoy Our Religion" is the topic. Bible references: Neh. 8: 8-12, and 1 Pet. 4: 3, 12, 13. Harold L. Frost will be the leader.

The Arlington High School Athletic Association, is working hard to make their musical a success. The Tufts College Glee, Mandolin, and Guitar Clubs are excellent this year, and all who attend will be highly pleased with the evening's entertainment. Give the boys your support by attending this musical. The proceeds, will be used in the interest of school athletics.

Prof. Bendix of 2 Park terrace, has been engaged to furnish music at Miss Devereaux' select gathering on the evening of December 28. There is no finer or more expert musician in this section than Prof. Bendix, and Mrs. Devereaux may congratulate herself on having secured the services of the Professor.

A colored quartette, with guitar and banjo, wandered in town Saturday night, singing darkey melodies. It was too cold for the usual crowd to gather, so their exchequer was not very full when they wandered out again. As a rule people did not care to hear about the sunny south and cotton picking with the thermometer 20° above zero; it was too aggravating.

The High School Polo Team have an excellent chance to practice for their coming contests this winter. There will be six teams in the league instead of four this year. Three of last year's members remain, Jules White, centre, John Plumer, first rush, William Hyde, half-back, Daniel Buckley, goal, while Fred Cook and Arthur Freeman are on trial for second rush.

The ladies of the Foreign Missionary Society, of the Congregational Church, held their monthly meeting on Monday afternoon, the president, Miss Julia Tolman presiding. Miss M. C. Hardy read a paper on Hawaii. The paper was carefully prepared and the result was shown of the christianizing of the natives on this island. It was shown by a letter read from an Indian missionary, how the money sent by this society had been spent. It also showed that it takes very little of our money to go a long way in that land.

Buy your Christmas candy of Holt, and also your Christmas groceries, they are fresh and nice. Prompt attention is shown to customers.

The pond on Mill street was a rendezvous for skaters Saturday and Sunday. This was the first call at skating, and it was improved with a vengeance by lovers of this sport. But Monday brought snow and many long, discontented faces.

The third of the series of illustrated lectures, being given at the Universalist church, will be given next Sunday evening at 7 p. m. The subject will be "The Jews in Captivity."

The Boston's Y. M. C. A. Congress has challenged the B. Y. M. C. U. to a joint debate next Tuesday evening, Dec. 20, at 8 o'clock at the association hall, corner Boylston and Berkeley streets. Resolved, that it is unwise for the United States to extend its territory to the Eastern hemisphere. Union, affirmative, association, negative.

Mr. E. P. Rawson, as reported last week as making a speech at the Y. M. C. U. in Boston on Tuesday evening, December 6, was at the Boston Y. M. C. A. Congress instead.

Winter bargains—\$6500 new 10 room house, corner lot; \$9500 handsome estate, 11 rooms, stable, best locality; \$4000 new 10 room residence, and others on private terms, of the Crescent Rental and Realty Company, 20 Post-office Building, Arlington.

Mr. George W. Knowlton of 22 Whittemore street, president of the Knowlton Packing Co., Boston, has been seriously ill at his home the past week, and is a very sick man at the present time. His friends wish him a speedy recovery.

A. A. Tilden is the only one who has a complete, varied, and well selected stock of imported Japanese china on sale. The assortment is the finest he has ever had. Call and see this beautiful ware.

The second whist party of Post 36 was held on Thursday evening in G. A. R. Hall. There were twelve tables, and prizes were won as follows: a Boston lady took ladies' first prize, Miss Tyler second, Mrs. H. D. Durgin third. Mr. George Lowe received first gentleman's prize, Mr. Merton Clark second, and Mr. S. C. Frost third.

Charles V. Marsh Camp No. 45, S. of V., held their regular meeting Tuesday evening and nominated and elected the following officers for the ensuing year: Captain—George W. Knowlton. 1st Lieutenant—William A. Stevens. 2d Lieutenant—Edwin A. Gibbons. Camp Council—Edwin A. Knowlton, Jessie G. Patten, Benjamin A. Harris. Delegates—Edwin A. Knowlton, Jessie G. Patten. Alternates—E. A. Gibbons, F. H. Gray.

Last Monday Miss Adelaide Proctor, read a paper at the monthly meeting of the Woman's Alliance of the Unitarian Church. It was evident that the subject was a drawing one, as there were between 35 and 40 ladies, who braved the snow storm, present. There are few more capable of handling her subject "Characteristics of the different Composers," as Miss Proctor. Very vividly did she describe the specialties of Mendelssohn, Wagner, Schuman, and Beethoven, and her subject was illustrated by selections on the piano. The afternoon was closed by a five o'clock tea and served under the direction of Mrs. S. G. Damon, and ably assisted by the Misses Alice Homer, Nina Winn and Miss Damon.

On last Saturday evening the lighting committee met by appointment and had as invited expert Mr. Monks, general manager of the Arlington Gas Light Company, who told the committee that he intended to do everything in his power to further his interest in the town for the benefit of the citizens. The company intends in the near future to extend their mains, so that the rate of consumption will decrease the rate per cubic foot, but as to street lighting he was not ready at present to do anything in that direction. He introduced Mr. Knight of the Welsbach street lighting company of America, who is an expert on street lighting, and demonstrated his system in a masterly manner. The committee adjourned at 12 midnight. On Wednesday evening the lighting committee resumed their hearing with Mr. Smith of the Somerville Electric Light Co. present. Considerable questioning was indulged in and after a short time the committee retired to inspect the lights on Broadway, which in their judgment was a success, the experimental stage having been passed long ago, as they are in working condition in several of the New England towns and cities. On resuming business the committee went into executive session, and continued their labors until 1.30 a. m., with the understanding that the contracts would be awarded to both companies. But at the town meeting, which followed the minority report, showed some strange things, and a long discussion ensued, as shown elsewhere in these columns.

The friends of Mr. Edward S. Bartlett were pleased to see him out again this week after a very severe illness of two months. Mr. Bartlett, it was thought, would not recover at one time, the disease taking a sudden turn for the worse, but now that he is able to be out again, we wish him a full and complete recovery of his former health.

Friends of Mr. and Mrs. Atherton, of Central street, will feel deep sorrow to hear of the very serious illness of their daughter, Miss Minette, with typhoid-malaria.

A pair of properly adjusted glasses, a lorgnette, opera glasses, or a camera will make a very acceptable gift. Call on Fred W. Derby, 458 Mass. Ave.

The High School Polo Team play the Winchester's this afternoon at 3 o'clock on Spy Pond.

It was a rare treat for any one who attended G. A. R. Hall on the evening of December 9, for there was given a musical way above the ordinary. A large company assembled to hear the free recital given by Mr. Walter Kentzlin as pianist, Mr. Paul Herford on the zither, guitar and mandolin. The various numbers were given in a masterly manner, Mr. Frank Kistner, the violinist, rendered selections which were met with hearty encores. Mr. Kentzlin proved to be a master of his profession.

ARLINGTON HEIGHTS.

Services as usual at the Park Avenue church tomorrow.

The C. E. meet at 6.30. The leader will be Mr. Minot A. Bridgman and the subject, "How to enjoy our religion."

We are informed that there will be a Christmas festival at the Park Avenue church on the Tuesday following Christmas for the children of the school.

The Baptist Society in Crescent Hall hold their Sunday School and morning and evening services as usual. All are welcome.

Wednesday evening the Highland Whist Club met at the beautiful home of Mr. and Mrs. E. P. White on Florence avenue, and a most enjoyable evening was spent in this popular game. The tables were handsomely set in the dining room and the new silver which was received by them at their silver wedding, adorned the table. A collation of chicken salad was served after the game. The first prizes were received by Mrs. E. P. White and Mr. Jernegan, and the second prizes were received by Mrs. J. T. White and Mr.

The club met this week instead of next, it being a holiday week.

The dancing party given by Messrs. O. A. Snetzer, F. R. White, H. E. King, H. W. Kendall, last Friday evening, in Crescent Hall, proved a signal success in every way. Everything these young gentlemen could do to make the evening an enjoyable one for the company which had assembled, was done. Mrs. A. M. Ring and Mrs. G. R. Dweley chaperoned the dance and received the guests. Caterer Hardy furnished fruit punch, cakes and confectionery. Music was dispersed by an orchestra composed of young men, and their talent was highly complimented. The dresses worn by the young ladies were very handsome and tasty. Among those not already mentioned were the following: Dr. Wm. Addison Greene, Mr. Louis E. Greene, Dr. Arthur H. Ring, Messrs. Vernon Steele, H. M. Brooks, Misses Piper, Jennie Gott, Mrs. Dr. Harry Alderman, Misses Davidson, Averill, Mr. G. W. Choate, Miss Marie Trask, Mr. Thomas Ordway, Misses Perry, Grace Walcott, Lexington; Miss Wright, Miss Kendall, Misses Ferguson, Miss Carter, Miss Grace Dweley, Miss Puffer, Miss Brockway, Miss Elma Bridgman, Miss Edna White, Miss Parsons, Miss Taylor, Miss Butler, Miss Tewksbury.

OF LOCAL INTEREST.

Yerxa & Yerxa invite you to inspect their line of Christmas goods. It is a perfectly fresh line, and will satisfy the most fastidious. Go and see for your self.

Make your horse a Christmas present of a new harness and have Kaulbeck, the practical harness maker, make it for you, then you will know it is a good one and your horse will feel proud.

Hardy the caterer, wishes you to remember he will have a full stock of his goods for the Christmas day. His catering can be beat, for the towns-people who have gone to Boston for caterers, say so, having found one trial enough, and Mr. Hardy was called next time.

The young ladies have a chance of making their beaux a present in the gent's furnishing line. F. R. Daniels is just the place to go and buy the present. His line is perfect. Do not forget the place.

Your Christmas dinner will not be complete without a carboy of the Belmont Spring Water. It is the finest water on the market to-day and it is absolutely pure.

It is a fact, but every one does not know it, that the place to buy your Christmas presents is at I. E. Robinson's. They have an excellent assortment, and the prices are as cheap as Boston prices. Buy of them and see for yourself.

To Cure Constipation in One Week
To Purify the Blood in One Week
To Strengthen the Nerves in One Week
To Cure Sick Headache in One Day

Take Cleveland's Celery Compound Tea 25c. If it fails to cure, your money will be refunded by H. A. Perham, P. O. Bldg.

SAXONY SANTA CLAUS

HANS RUPPERT WALKS ALL THE WAY FROM RUSSIA.

Great, Gallant Figure, With Top Boots and Mighty Pack—Christmas Customs of the Fatherland—Procession on Christmas Eve.

Hans Ruppert is the name of the Santa Claus of Saxony given by the simple, pious peasantry. "Hans Ruppert will arrive tonight!" the children of Saxony cry all along the dear, darkening twilight of Christmas eve, as they flatten their little Saxon noses against the cottage window panes, peering out along the winter roads for "our Hans Ruppert." "Hans Ruppert is coming tonight!" say the simple hearted grown up folk to one another, a people who have one evening in the winter twilight of their hard, stern lives when it will be all glow and glamour and froth of fun.

Hans Ruppert comes from Russia, from its silent mysteries of steppe and of snows. But he is not a Slav. Hans Ruppert is not the traditional Santa Claus of the Teuton land—a jolly old man with curly beard and winking smile. "Hans Ruppert is a tall, brawny, peasant looking fellow," say the good Saxony folk with a sublime earnestness as if they had seen him. Hans Ruppert has muscles minted from their own brave life of gray toil. Hans Ruppert walks all the way from afar, from the Asiatic Russland and, at every step he takes toward the Caucasus chain, at every stride up and up, still up the ledges of its rock and bluff and brae, across its brawling streams, now down on the other side of its stern shoulder shadowed in the star calm, at every pace past the Russian villages twinkling through the night mists like sparklets struck off from the czar crown way off there above the Neva, as he foots it grandly—this great, grand, gallant Hans Ruppert—his top boots that at the beginning of the long Christmas march reached only below the knees, grow taller and taller, still higher—until when he hears the Rhein-strom murmur and the golden voice above the Lorelei rock, and at last at the gates of Berlin sees the mighty gleam of the army of the vaterland, the Hans Ruppertish boots are up to the loins, cuirassier fashion, accordion wrinkled and mirror in their mighty polish the very "Sword of My Illustrious Grandfather!" And Hans Ruppert stands a grenadier, one of the sacred bodyguard around an emperor, stands with star on breast and double headed eagle on helmet, stands a mighty ghost to deal death to the foes of vaterland—until next Christmas.

On his back, through all his long trudge tonight, Hans Ruppert carries his pack. It is a pack of good things. Thou hast no Christmas tree within that mighty bundle, Hans! The peasant children have made the tree all ready for Hans in the diligent purchase from their little Saxon pfennig on the market day. Hans Ruppert brings the garments for the Christmas tree. Here in his pack is the Christ child's hair, the gold and silver filigree which Hans will twist across the branches with his own brawny hands. Here are the candles, the Christ child's eyes, and the toys and the gifts, "the blessings that drop from the hands of Baby Jesus."

And now the procession forms at 8 o'clock on Christmas eve to go to see what Hans Ruppert has brought to the little family. The procession begins with grandfather and grandmother, on whose seamed and yellowed cheeks glistens the gentle tear of age. Then follow the father and the mother and the unwedded uncles and aunts, and now the children, according to age and size, who are awed in anticipation of "our Hans Ruppert" on the other side of that door toward which the procession is now moving. They stand up on tiptoe and peer behind father's stalwart frame, rebuked by das mutterchen, with a solid Saxon cuff on the unwilling ear. "Ach, mutterchen, it's bellige Nacht!" pleads the father, and mother moderates. Here are the servants of the household, wearing their good Christmas starch of check apron stiffness. How it stands out in its buckram beauty! If it were possible—which the dear Herr Gardener of us all forbend—the apple cheeks of the good house girl glow with a more fruity glisten as she gazes down upon the spheric circumference of starch. The housemaid's smile is languid, too, and it never leaves her lips until that mysterious door off there is opened by grandfather's trembling old hand, and now some one in the Christmas procession has struck the sweet, resonant, prolonging chords of the zither, and the hymn rises as one "pure concert" along the whole of the household's heart:

O heilige Nacht!
Stille Nacht!

The door is thrown open, and only the stalwart spirits—the Erdgeist who guard the scallops and volutes of the Teutonic verb—can comprehend the meander and the meaning of the family's exclamations now. Hans Ruppert has done it all! Hans Ruppert has done it all! The tree glistens into gracious charm! It is the aurora of the Divine Child.

And then the good Saxon muscles fall to, and fall, too, on supper. Now, the supper is a sweet feature of this great evening 1897. For only once a year does the marzipan come round—marzipan, that dear cake, crusted with powdered almonds. Only once a year does "stoken" come round, that dearest cake with raisins—raisins plucked by Hans Ruppert in that faroff mystery—raisins that grew and hadn't anything to do with sour grapes.

But the supper passes, and the night is deepening. The eyes of childhood are drooping. The family rises and again circles the Christmas tree, hand in hand now, perhaps for the last time on earth. Who can foresee the years? May the dear Christ child guard us all!—New York Commercial Advertiser.

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Orders by mail or telephone will receive prompt attention. Orders taken at H. A. Perham's drug store, P. O. Block. They will receive immediate attention.

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HAND-MADE STEEL SHOES A SPECIALTY.

Mill Street Shoeing Forge, ARLINGTON.

H. L. Frost & Co.

Hard Wood cut in Stove lengths for sale at reduced prices. Orders left with White & Frost, P. O. Building, will receive prompt attention.

J. C. WAAGE, House, Sign, Fresco and Decorative Painting.

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GEORGE LAW, Hack and Livery Stable, Mass. Ave., Arlington.

Having practically rebuilt the inside of my stable, and added ten new stalls, I am now prepared to take new boarders. I secure first class board and right prices. Teams sent and called for.

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ARTHUR BACON, MASON AND CONTRACTOR.

Lock Box 45, Order Box Peirce & Winn's.

Christmas Candy

In large variety can be found at

Holt's Grocery Store

the coming week.

14 Pleasant street

F. R. DANIELS

Has all the things you need in the line of Hats, Caps, Gent's Furnishing Goods, Underwear, etc.

606 Mass. Avenue, Arlington.

Boston and Maine R. R. Southern Division.

OCTOBER 30, 1896.

TRAINS TO BOSTON.

Arlington Heights—5.30, 6.05, 6.35, 7.04, 7.34, 8.04, 8.36, 8.53, 10.07, 11.14, A. M. 12.25, 1.01, 2.40, 3.54, 4.23, 4.46, 5.19, 6.48, 8.18, 9.18, 10.18, Sundays, 9.24, A. M., 12.58, 2.23, 3.11, 4.35, 6.15, 8.25, P. M. Brattle—5.32, 6.08, 6.38, 7.06, 8.06, 8.56, 10.09, 11.16, A. M., 12.27, 1.03, 2.42, 3.56, 4.25, 4.48, 5.21, 6.51, 8.20, 9.20, 10.20, P. M. Sundays, 9.27, A. M. 1.00, 2.25, 3.14, 4.38, 6.18, 8.28, P. M. Arlington—5.35, 6.12, 6.42, 7.09, 7.32, 7.39, 7.44, 8.01, 8.09, 8.17, 8.40, 9.00, 10.12, 11.19, A. M. 12.30, 1.06, 2.45, 3.50, 4.28, 4.51, 5.24, 5.46, 6.29, 6.54, 6.57, 7.15, 8.23, 9.23, 10.23, P. M. Sundays, 9.30, A. M., 1.03, 2.28, 3.18, 4.41, 6.21, 8.31, P. M. Lake Street—5.38, 6.15, 6.45, 7.15, 7.47, 8.03, 8.20, 9.03, 10.15, 11.21, A. M., 12.32, 1.08, 2.48, 4.01, 4.30, 5.29, 5.49, 6.25, 7.00, 7.18, 8.25, 9.25, 10.25, P. M. Sundays, 9.33, A. M., 1.05, 2.31, 3.51, 4.44, 6.24, 8.34, P. M. *Express.

TRAINS FROM BOSTON.

Arlington Heights—6.25, 7.17, 8.17, 9.17, 9.17, 10.17, 11.17, A. M., 12.17, 1.17, 2.47, 3.47, 4.17, 4.47, 5.17, 5.47, 6.17, 7.10, 7.50, 9.15, 10.20, 11.30, P. M. Sundays, 9.15, A. M., 12.50, 2.00, 4.30, 6.00, 7.15, 9.45, P. M. Brattle—6.25, 7.17, 8.17, 9.17, 11.17, A. M., 12.17, 1.17, 2.47, 3.47, 4.17, 4.47, 5.17, 5.47, 6.17, 7.10, 7.50, 9.15, 10.20, 11.30, P. M. Sundays, 9.15, A. M., 12.50, 2.00, 4.30, 6.00, 7.15, 9.45, P. M. Arlington—6.25, 6.42, 7.01, 7.17, 7.31, 7.46, 8.17, 9.17, 10.17, 11.17, A. M., 12.17, 1.17, 2.47, 3.47, 4.17, 4.47, 5.17, 5.47, 6.17, 7.10, 7.50, 9.15, 10.20, 11.30, P. M. Sundays, 9.15, A. M., 12.50, 2.00, 4.30, 6.00, 7.15, 9.45, P. M. Lake Street—6.25, 7.01, 8.17, 9.17, 10.17, 11.17, A. M., 12.17, 1.17, 2.47, 3.47, 4.17, 4.47, 5.17, 5.47, 6.17, 7.10, 7.50, 9.15, 10.20, 11.30, P. M. Sundays, 9.15, A. M., 12.50, 2.00, 4.30, 6.00, 7.15, 9.45, P. M. *Express.

O. L. Fern & Co.,

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Foreign and Domestic Liquors

Sole agents for the celebrated Hotel Brunswick, Key West and Don Davisso brands of cigars. A box of Brunswick cigars for the ladies' husbands, or friends that smoke, at wholesale prices. Family trade a specialty.

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Is the place to buy when you want to buy first-class furniture. Their sales-rooms are on Canal street, Boston.

We solicit your patronage and extend to you a cordial invitation through the columns of the Enterprise for you to visit our mammoth salesrooms.

Robertson's Furniture and Upholstery Store

in Swan's Block, is well stocked Prices Low

R. W. LeBARON, ELECTRICAL CONTRACTOR.

Telephone Connection.
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Edison Incandescent Lamps,
plain frosted and colored,
from 8 to 150 candle power.
Edison Night Lamps for
bed chambers, halls, and
closets. By simple turn-
ing a milled screw, the
lamp is changed from 16
to less than 1 c. p. Price,
75 cents.

Incandescent Electric
Light Wiring.
Electric Bells. Electric
Gas Lighting.
Burglar Alarms.
Speaking Tubes.

Telephones installed in
buildings of every de-
scription.

New and Good!

---FRESH CANNED GOODS---

Dr. Johnson's Health Crackers, Sul-
tana Fruits, Oysters and other varieties.

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ARLINGTON.

Yerxa & Yerxa.

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BAKER AND CATERER,

CATERING FOR LARGE OR SMALL
PARTIES. ICE CREAM IN ANY
QUANTITIES AND ALL FLAVORS.

657 Massachusetts Ave., Arlington.

S. STICKNEY & CO.,

FURNACES, RANGE, STOVES

Plumbing in Every Branch.

Jobbing Promptly Done. Also all kinds of Hardware, Tinware,
Crockery, etc.

Old Stand in Swan's Block.

GIVE US A CALL.

T. G. KAULBECK

MANUFACTURER OF

Light and Heavy Harness.

REPAIRING A SPECIALTY.

HORSE SUPPLIES OF ALL KINDS ALWAYS ON HAND.

FOWLE'S BLOCK, ARLINGTON.

I. E. ROBINSON & CO. CHRISTMAS GOODS

Headquarters for all Lining Materials and Trimmings.

Two of Our Specialties.

We are headquarters for fancy handkerchiefs, dolls, gloves,
gentlemen's and ladies' neckwear, a large variety of children's
picture books, at prices the same as Boston.

I. E. ROBINSON & CO., POST OFFICE BLOCK,
633 Massachusetts Avenue.



FRED W. DERBY,
REFRACTING OPTICIAN,

458 Massachusetts Ave.
ARLINGTON.

Eyes scientifically examined by Subjective and Objective methods. Special
Attention given to the compounding and adjusting of Oculist's prescriptions.

All kinds of optical repairing promptly executed.

Workmanship of the highest order and prices at lowest possible rates.

THE CENTRAL DRY GOODS COMPANY

Fall and Winter Flannels

477 Massachusetts Avenue.

LEXINGTON.

The schools will close next week, it
being Christmas.

A sum of money was voted at the last
meeting of the Driving Association to
improve the track.

The social at the Baptist Church on
Wednesday evening was largely at-
tended and an enjoyable evening was
spent. Refreshments were served.

The third concert in the series of the
First Parish Church took place Wednes-
day evening, and was largely attended.
It was a pianoforte recital by Mr. Arthur
Foote, and was assisted by A. M. Wood,
contralto.

Forefather's day will be celebrated by
the Historical Society with a public
meeting at Hancock Church, Tuesday
evening, December 20, 1895. President
Charles F. Adams of the Mass. Histori-
cal Society, will deliver an address, the
subject to be "Vital Questions Histori-
cally considered." There will be other
exercises, including music.

The Historical Society met at the
Hancock-Clarke house on Tuesday eve-
ning and passed a very pleasant eve-
ning. President E. P. Nichols presided.
The business consisted mostly of ac-
cepting relics. Dr. Merriam favored
the audience with the dramatic selection
entitled "Hannah the Quakeress." The
paper of the evening was read by Mr.
Geo. V. Wellington of Arlington, one
of the oldest and hardest workers of the
Historical Society of that town. Mr.
Wellington gave a short history of the
old "Lexington and West Cambridge
Railroad," and at the close of his read-
ing his interesting paper presented
it to the society. Mr. Wellington
is an able speaker and is full of
anecdotes touching many prominent
men of fifty years ago. Mr. Wellington
made the original survey of the road,
now a branch of the B. & M. He con-
trasted Arlington and Lexington be-
tween 1830 and 1845 with the present.

BELMONT.

A Mother's meeting was held in the
High School on Wednesday afternoon,
under the auspices of the Belmont Edu-
cational Society. The subject was
"Obedience." There was a large attend-
ance.

Mr. F. W. Gilcreas is confined to his
home with a serious illness.

The schools close on the 23d and open
Jan. 3d.

Thomas Clooman and Henry Onrock
have entered the regular U. S. army.

The public library will be closed the
24th at 5:30 p. m.

There will be a musical program, and
art poetry and dialogues in the lower
grades of the school next Friday, re-
garding Christmas. An excellent idea.

Mr. Frank Simonds has gone to
Havana, Cuba, for the winter.

The High School boys are organizing
a polo team. We trust they will meet
with good results.

A Musical Club has been started here
with Mrs. S. K. Swift, and Miss Florence
Swift at its head, and is composed
entirely of Belmont local talent. A
meeting was held at the residence of
Mr. J. M. Hernandez on Monday even-
ing.

Mr. P. Shean has as his guest Mr.
John Hanly of Concord, N. H. Mr.
Hanly served with his regiment the 6th
Mass. at Porto Rico.

Mr. Alfred Hill will have some val-
uable Plymouth Rock hens at the poul-
try show in Fitchburg, next week.

In the death of Mrs. M. C. Lennon,
All Saint's Church, loses a valued
member, she was one of the founder
of the parish and a member of the vestry
and actively interested in all parish
work.

Boston Printing

We do Town Printing
Town Reports
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Everything in Printing that
A Town wants

We solicit this work
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Hand Bills Fence Bills
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Engraved work

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Arlington Residence

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P H Foster & Co

Litchfield has turned away sitting
after sitting, in the past two weeks. He
is burning the midnight oil to fill his
orders. The secret of it is he does the
finest work and charges moderately.

Arlington is bound to be the most
popular suburb out of Boston in the
near future.

THE CHRISTMAS BRIGADES.

Blare o' the trumpet and roll o' the drum.
A glitter of little tin blades,
And, led by their cute little captains, they
come—

The curly haired Christmas brigades!
Was ever an army so fair to view?
And it's marching straight to the hearts
of you!

What shall we do 'gains an army like
this,
That is blest of the angels above?
It comes but to challenge a mother's sweet
kiss,
And its beautiful banner is love!
Sure never was army so fair to view,
Or marched so straight to the hearts of
you!

Come on with the trumpet, the little toy
drum!
Come on with the little tin blades!
Our hearts beat a welcome and cry to
you, "Come,

Oh, curly haired Christmas brigades!"
Come on, little heroes in gray and in blue,
And we'll capture and kiss every soldier
of you!

—F. L. Stanton.

BRAVE LITTLE BORRIOBOOLA GHA.

It wasn't so very happy to begin
with. Christmas eve was a little dreary
Maggie only hummed a carol because
it was more her way to sing than to
cry, and the carol was the only thing
she could think of just then. It was
the first carol she had ever learned. She
could remember just how sweet her
mother had looked while teaching it to
her and Jimmie, the brother, who
would keep his seventh Christmas to-
morrow—keep it in heaven, she thought,
with a gleam of sorrowful joy. The
dear mother who was in the hospital
now, whose Christmas would be spent
in a whitewashed ward, clean, bright
and tender, with kindly care, but still
not so bright as the little attic room
would have been if only she could have
been there. Maggie's song grew very
queer at this point of her reflections,
and her voice was a trifle unsteady, but
she persisted in humming "It came
upon the midnight clear," and even
smiled a little as she laid down the
cheap little doll she had been dressing
for Sweetie, the dear little sister who
was her darling, and who was now
being cared for by kind friends of her
mother's youth.

In another moment she was dashing
down newspaper alley at full speed, el-
bowing her way a trifle more gently
than the average habitue of that far
famed locality, but pushing to the front
with a dogged resolution none the less,
and no sooner had the bunch of papers
which came in answer to her warcy of
"Twenty-five specials—throw 'em
along quick, Jimmie!" reached her
arms, than she was off with a bound,
and a cry of "Papers! Papers! Here
is yer extry!" which sounded startlingly
loud and harsh to come from that
girlish throat. Down Mason street she
flew, anxious to reach the "stand,"
which the boys of that corner had unan-
imously ceded to her with rough chiv-
alry when she had first appeared upon
the scene, timid, nervous, afraid to cry
her wares. She was the first of all the
crowd to reach State street. "Paper,
papier! Here is yer extry! All about
the accident at Borrioboola Gha!" she
shrieked in the voice which would have
been sweet and clear but for its hard
treatment and out of doors use, or rather
abuse, and a queer little smile curved
the corners of her mouth as she gave
vent to her peculiar "trademark," as
the "other boys" were wont to call the
odd name which invariably closed her
exhortation to buy an evening paper.

That exclamation had quite a history.
When Maggie had been driven by her
mother's illness and the want of food
in the home cupboard to try paper sell-
ing, she had been afraid to cry loudly,
and her conscience, home taught and
tender, had forbidden her to invent
news announcements after the fashion of
others of her "perfesh." For some days
she had sold very little in consequence,
and the capital she had each morning
invested in papers seemed in a fair way
to be lost, when Irish Pat, the tough-
est boy in the gang, had taken her to
his heart and shown her the mistake
which spoiled her sales.

"Yer don't know nothin, yer don't,"
he had said contemptuously, striding
along by her side with an exaggerated
imitation of the walk of the last actor
he had admired from the "peanut heav-
en" of the Academy and keeping level
with her as she dejectedly started
homeward, crying softly and wiping
the tears away with her ragged but
clean handkerchief.

"Yer too bloomin' scared," he said,
again copying the Academy actor, both
in speech and gesticulation, "an yer'll
never do no good till yer makes yer roar
more like a better feller than yerself."

He paused and looked at Maggie ex-
pectantly, but Maggie had no idea that
the "better feller" was Pat himself, and
she never dreamed that the pause
should have been filled with a compli-
ment, well deserved, in Pat's opinion,
so she said nothing, and the boy took
up his parable again.

"Now, this yer's the way yer calls,"
he said, imitating her weak little cry
to the life, "an this yer's the way yer
oughter yell." And he let out a shout
of "Paper here! Paper! All about the
great fire on the west side! Many lives
lost! Nineteen firemen go down in the
ruins!" which startled Maggie and
rang down the street for a block or
more.

Maggie soon found this to be true, if
she was to equal the sales of the other
paper sellers. But still, as has been
said, her conscience rebelled against the
deceit. So she decided with one of the
compromises possible only to innocent
souls upon inventing a cry about an
event which could not possibly happen.

and, having read "Bleak House," she
chose the words "Borrioboola Gha" as
her "roar." She said nothing to her
mother of all this, although the strug-
gle in her mind was long and severe,
and she longed sorely for sympathy and
advice. She had grown so accustomed
to using the "yell" that she no longer
thought of it at all. She called out the
long word as she did that of "Paper!"
and it had no more significance to her.

But on this particular day, this dreary
Christmas eve, as she stood mechanically
repeating it, thinking meanwhile of the
added pleasure for her mother and
Sweetie which every penny meant, she
was startled by a light touch on her
shoulder and turned her head to see a
kindly face looking down into hers.

"Where do you say the accident hap-
pened?" queried the tall, pleasant faced
man who owned the hand which still
lay on her arm. "Did you say Borrio-
boola Gha? I have heard a great many
queer cries used by newsboys," he said
with a whimsical smile at the pretty
face, which bent away from him, "but
yours is the most peculiar I have ever
known. Did you borrow it from Dick-
ens?"

"Yes, sir," she whispered, blushing
still deeper, and hurrying breathlessly
into her explanation. "Yes, sir. You
see, the boys said I'd have to make up
a roar if I was going to sell papers, and
I thought that was honest anyway."

"Poor little kid!" he thought later,
as he heard her cry ring out under
his window as he sat in his comfortable
room at the hotel. "Poor little kid! I
wish I could do something for her. She
reminds me of Jennie, somehow. Poor
Jennie!" And in reveries of his dear,
lost sight of sister he forgot all about
Maggie, and thought no more of her
until he heard her again the next morn-
ing—Christmas morning.

"Not a cheerful day for a fellow
who's got nothing but money to help
him enjoy himself, and no one to share
that with," he thought as he dressed
slowly, drearily, for the day promised
to be long and barren. "I only had
Jennie and her babies to help me out.
By Jove!" and he quickened his move-
ments with a look of sudden interest.
"I'll hunt up Little Borrioboola Gha
and give her a jolly Christmas. She
looks as though it wouldn't do her any
harm, and I can 'play pretender,' as
Jennie's baby used to say, play that she
is one of Jennie's children."

Hastily completing his toilet, he dis-
posed of a hearty breakfast, his pulses
quickening as he thought of the pleas-
ure which lay before him, the pleasure
of giving happiness to another, the one
pleasure which neither the world, the
flesh, nor the devil has the power to
mar or spoil.

Meanwhile the object of his thoughts
had finished selling her papers the night
before and gone slowly homeward, re-
sisting the temptation to stay out in
the brilliantly lighted streets because
of her mother's well remembered re-
quest to this effect, and after buying as
much candy and fruit for Sweetie as
was consistent with saving a few pen-
nies to buy a flower to go to the hos-
pital with her and the baby tomorrow,
afternoon and laying enough away to
buy her stock the next day she had got
straight into bed.

When she awoke, it was broad day-
light, the shining light of Christmas
day, which has never seemed quite like
that of ordinary days since that first
wondrous dawn nearly 1,900 years ago,
and she sprang up with the sweet
Christmas joy in her heart and face, in
spite of her aching toes and lonely con-
dition.

"Now for a cup of coffee and a
doughnut," she thought as she hurried-
ly fastened her garments, "and then for
my papers."

"Well, Little Borrioboola Gha," said
the same kindly voice which had greet-
ed her the day before, "merry Christ-
mas to you."

"Same to you, sir," she answered
shyly, glancing up at him with the eyes
which reminded him so forcibly of his
sister. "Paper, sir?"

"Well, yes, I suppose so," he re-
sponded, reaching in his pocket for a \$1
bill. "How are you going to spend
your Christmas?"

"I'm going to the hospital to see
mamma after I get through selling,"
said Maggie, who, with a child's quick
intuition, had divined that this was a
man to be trusted. "And I'm going to
take Sweetie with me."

"Who is Sweetie?" was the next
question, asked with a sympathetic in-
tonation which somehow expressed all
the kindly words he did not say about
her mother. And Maggie, whose heart
opened easily to any one who used the
key of "Sweetie" wherewith to unlock
it, grew talkative at once.

"Sweetie's my sister," she prattled,
forgetting her wares in the joy of tel-
ling her love to some one. "My baby
sister. And she's been specially mine
ever since mamma got sick and had to
go to the hospital. Auntie and Uncle
Stewart have got her now," she went
on, not noticing the start the gentleman
gave, "but I'm going to get her back to
live with us just as soon as mamma can
come home."

"Is Auntie Stewart your real aunt?"
queried her listener, a strange interest
in his tone and manner. "And what is
your mamma's name?"

"No, Auntie Stewart is an old friend
of mamma's and papa's," answered
Maggie, tucking her papers more tight-
ly under her arm, "and mamma's name
is Jennie Brownell."

"Jennie Brownell!" gasped the man
at her side, grasping her arm so tightly
that the tender flesh was bruised. "Jen-
nie Brownell! And what was your
papa's name?"

"Papa's name was Arthur Brownell,"
said Maggie, wondering more and more
at this man's odd behavior. "But he's
been dead a long, long time, and mam-
ma took care of us until she got sick
and I was big enough."

"You big enough," exclaimed her
listener excitedly. "You big enough,
you poor baby! Why, how old are you?"

"I'm just 13," said Maggie proudly,
"and, indeed, sir, I'm big enough."

Why, I've taken care of us for nearly a
year now, and Sweetie would rather
stay with me than with Auntie Stewart.
I give her such nice things to eat," she
finished innocently.

"To say nothing of the love you evi-
dently lavish upon her," murmured the
gentleman to himself. "Well, Little
Borrioboola Gha, what do you say to a
change? I think you must be my niece."

"Oh, then you must be Uncle Jack,"
said Maggie, accepting this new and
wonderful state of affairs with a child's
innocent faith and belief in all things
wonderful and bright and good. "Yes,
you do look like mamma. She's talked
of you so much that I feel I quite know
you," she added quaintly.

"You're not going to sell papers any
more," said her uncle, as they crossed
the street to his hotel. "And now for a
merry Christmas. It won't be possible
to do anything about clothes today,"
with a rueful look at Maggie's gar-
ments, "but we'll do something nice
anyway. What hospital did you say
your mother was at?"

"St. Luke's," answered Maggie,
smiling as happily as though the griefs
of the morning had never troubled her.

"Are you going to see her too?"
"Yes," said Uncle Jack, smiling
down at the eager face, "we're going
there right away, but we'll stop and
buy some flowers first."

And they set forth, only to find dis-
appointment awaiting them at the hos-
pital. Mrs. Brownell had left the hos-
pital that morning in the care of a
strange gentleman who had brought a
carriage for her.

"Was it Uncle Stewart?" asked Mag-
gie, and the kindly girl hesitated be-
fore replying, catching the busy nurse
as she turned away.

"Uncle Stewart!" she said at length.
"The old gentleman who came here
with her and sometimes brings the lit-
tle girl? No, it was a much younger
man."

"Did mamma know him?" asked
Maggie, with a shade of sadness dark-
ening her expressive face in a manner
which did not escape her uncle's notice,
and again the good natured nurse staid
her steps to reply.

"Yes," she said, with a pleasant, if
hasty, smile, "she was delighted to see
him and went with him at once."

Maggie turned away sadly, a tear
falling on her shabby frock, and she
did not refuse the comforting pressure
of her uncle's hand as they walked
down the long ward together.

"Let's go to Sweetie," suggested her
uncle, with a view to distracting her.
After making inquiries and finding that
Mrs. Brownell had left no address Mag-
gie, who felt that all the world was sad
and her doll stuffed with sawdust with
a vengeance, assented readily.

"Maybe she'll be gone, too," she said
mournfully, her lip quivering with a
pitiful sorrow, as they stepped into the
carriage again, and she did not speak
again until the horses drew up at Mrs.
Stewart's door. Her uncle lifted her
out. She sprang up the stairs and rang
the bell, and then—the world re-
sumed its normal coloring, and her doll
was once more worth loving, for Sweetie
had leaped to her arms, and there in
the hall behind was mamma.

"Jack!" she said softly after kissing
Maggie frantically. "Well, this must
be Easter day instead of Christmas.
Two resurrections from the dead!" and
she drew his attention to another man
who had seized upon Maggie as she re-
leased her and was embracing her as
though he would never let her go again.

"My darling! My own little girl!"
he kept repeating, and it suddenly
dawned upon Maggie that it must be her
papa, alive again in some wonderful,
mysterious, Christmas kind of way
and come back to care for her and mam-
ma and Sweetie.

"We won't waste time upon long ex-
planations now," said this gentleman
as he put Maggie down at last. "I have
been prostrated by an accident which
caused me to lose my memory until a
week ago and my name was mistakenly
sent to Jennie here," indicating his
wife by a tender glance, "as among
those killed by the collision which only
injured my brain. When my memory
returned to me, I made all speed to
come back to her, and not being able to
find the smallest trace of her I thought
of dear old Aunt and Uncle Stewart. I
knew they would be kind to my poor
darlings. And then I went to the hos-
pital and brought her away. We never
thought of Maggie going there so early,
and I was to wait for her there this
afternoon. We hardly knew how to
reach her sooner."

"Well, I lost all trace of you all
while I was out west," said Uncle
Jack, taking possession of Maggie
again, "and I only found this little girl
by the merest accident." And he lifted
Maggie lovingly to his knee, for they
had reached the parlor by this time.

And after that? Well, it was Christ-
mas day, and all the stores were closed,
but money will do a great deal, and it
wasn't long before Auntie Stewart's
scantly filled larder was plentifully
supplied, and an immense turkey was
roasting in the oven.

And when the dinner had been eaten
and everybody had told everybody else
how glad and happy and surprised they
were they sat close together and made
plans for the future, lovely, wonderful
plans, which seemed almost too good to
come true. But they did come true,
many of them, and, the best of all, per-
haps, was Uncle Jack's plan for Maggie.

"This little girl is going to be a beau-
tiful singer by and by," he said, with
a tender good night kiss as he carried
her up to the little attic room Auntie
Stewart had insisted upon their using
for the night, while papa followed with
Sweetie, "to say nothing of being a
noble woman if she grows up as brave
and unselfish as she is now. I noticed
how strong and sweet her voice bade
fair to be the moment I heard her giv-
ing the 'roar' which astonished me so
much. And I am going to see that it
has the best of training. And my pet
name for her will always be 'Little
Borrioboola Gha.'"—Chicago Inter
Ocean